VOL. I.—No. 6. MANCHESTER, Saturday, August 29, 1868. Price One Penny.

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THE FOREST OF ROSSENDALE,
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THE SPHINX: a Journal of Humour and Criticism.

CONTENTS OF No. 4.—August 15th.

1. On the Rialto: Second Paper.
2. London Papers: the *Daily Telegraph*.
3. Rectors and Curates.
4. Ardwick Green.
5. The Free Church of England in Manchester.
6. Momus on 'Change.
7. Apropos of the Weather.
8. Rain at Last.
9. The Grammar School and Owens College.
10. Concerning Some Forms of Falsehood in Trade.

An American Opinion of our Comic Journals—A Welsh Watering Place (Pensarn)—Farren and Kendal as Charles Surface—Canons of Literature and Art, &c., &c.

CONTENTS OF No. 3.—August 8th.

1. Manchester Banks: Heywood's.
2. The Haymarket Actors at the Theatre Royal.
3. Mrs. Grundy on the Hot Weather.
4. London Papers: the *Times*.
5. The Mayor and Many Friends.
6. A Strange Preacher (the Rev. Peter Mackenzie).
7. Owen's College and the Grammar School.
8. My Debut as a Sportsman.
9. An Enigma by the Sphinx.

Lines on a Soiled Glove—Carlyle and Burns—An American's Impression of Oxford—A Batchelor's Button.

CONTENTS OF No. 2.—August 1st.

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2. A Rhyme from Llandudno.
3. Wiring Inn.
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6. A Snigbrook Meeting on the State of Trade.
7. Not for Joseph: a Lay for the Town Clerk.
8. Bowdon and the Bowdon Railway.
9. The Moan of the Irwell.
10. Proverbial Philosophy.

Thackeray's Birthplace—Patti's Last Appearance—The Girl of the Period—A Journalist's Blunder—Scotch Version of Goethe's Peasants' Dancing Song—The London Newspapers—A Literary Curiosity—Eothen's Description of the Sphinx.

CONTENTS OF No. 1.—July 25.

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3. The General Election Races.
4. The Cup and the Lip: a Ballad of the Queen's Prize.
5. On the Rialto; or Sketches on 'Change.
6. Soldiers' Life in Manchester. (A visit to the Hulme Barracks.
7. The Police are—Nowhere.
8. Theatres and the Public Taste.
9. A Lay of Summer.

London Critics on Manchester Artists—The Queen at Home—Little Pat and the Parson—Leisure—The Chessboard.

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"YE shall call upon him to hear sermons." So spake a young clergyman who had just baptized our godchild. We were "standing" for the first-born of two particular friends. We stood in two senses: spiritually, as godfather, to "promise and vow," &c.; physically, on the cocoa-nut matting, in the coldest church and the biggest draught we ever remember to have been in. We confess to sundry wanderings of mind during the service, occasioned, we believe, by the said cold and draught, but those words pulled us up suddenly. "Ye shall call upon him to hear sermons." We were "ye," and "him" was the baby. It was our duty, as god-parent, which the young curate was reading, and this was set down as part of it. We were to call upon the unfortunate infant, after a certain lapse of years, to "hear sermons." There was a strange fascination about this order, impossible to explain. It lingered in our ears long after the service was over—long after we had reached the house again, partaken of cake and wine, drank the baby's health, presented it with a silver mug, and retired home to the duties of private life. It haunted us through our evening pipe and moderate glass of toddy. It followed us to bed, and, what was worse, it kept us from sleeping when we got there. It even mingled in our dreams, and, indeed, suggested them, when, after tumbling about for an idefinite period, we at length fell into a troubled doze, and actually it was with us when we awoke. Appallingly distinct rang those words in our ears—"Ye shall call upon him to hear sermons," and we shuddered!

What had that baby done to us that we should have pledged ourselves to be its continual tormentor? Was our nature capable of such vindictive cruelty, that we could ever inflict on an unoffending child the misery which we had endured in our own person? No bully half so merciless at school as the lad who suffered most as fag. Was this to be our principle? Looking back through a long vista of years, and remembering our sufferings as child, and youth, and man, from nothing else but sermons, could we ever have the heart to "call upon" our godchild in any such manner as the curate had ordered us? Going as far back as the time when trousers were unknown luxuries, we can remember sitting upright, on a high chair, when it rained on Sunday afternoons, while papa read something aloud for a very long time, and with a very grave face; and mamma, sisters, and servants looked very tired, and we were very tired too, and got into disgrace for crying, and were eventually comforted by being taken on mamma's lap, where we fell asleep, and only woke up when "something" was over. That "something," we know now, was a sermon; and we can well recollect that nurse was always very cross after she had been called upon to hear it.

Then came a time when we were called upon to attend church—at first, only in the afternoons, under "the charge" of a servant, whose spiritual zeal, we are afraid, was even slower than her walk, and that was slow enough—so slow, that we were always late. Indeed, we generally managed to pick up acquaintances on our road—other nurse-girls, with other children—and also to make sundry purchases at a "goody" and ginger-beer shop, whose proprietress kept half-open on Sundays, putting up *every other* shutter. In fact, we never remember entering church on these occasions without a large supply of aids to devotion, in the shape of peppermints and bulls-eyes. With the help of these, and a succession of short naps, we managed to exist during the service, sometimes varying the monotony by breaking forth into a howl, and being summarily carried out by the servant, who, we verily believe, was only too glad of the opportunity to remove both us and herself from the building, being, indeed, an object of envy to the other nurse-maids, whose children were better behaved, and bore their miseries in silence.

This period seems only to have been a short one, for we were still of very tender years, when we were promoted to the full dignity of going to church in the morning with the rest of the family. Alas! we paid dearly for the privilege. Poor little mite! We pity our old tiny self, when we think of that two hours' (to us) unintelligible service, the only effect of which was to associate Sunday with all that was wearisome and unhappy. The rector of the church was a popular preacher, and, while the curate, to whom the afternoon service and congregation of nursery-maids were committed, only preached for a about a quarter of an hour, we generally had a forty minutes' discourse from the great gun in the morning. The pew was very high—so high, that when we sat on a footstool at the bottom, it was like being in a coal mine, and we used to fancy ourself Joseph in the pit, or Daniel in the lions' den. At certain stages of the service, however—such as the Psalms, for instance—we emerged into public life, and were suddenly hoisted aloft, and left standing on the seat, rather frightened at our exaltation. The pulpit was a huge erection, immediately over our head, and had a cork-screw staircase. Well do we remember how we used to watch for the preacher's head, as it appeared, like a Jack-in-the-box, rising from the mysterious depth below; and then we stared upwards, while the text was given out, and tried, we do believe, to grasp, with our childish mind, at what was being said. But it was no use; food for men was not food for babes; the poor little mind wandered away to the nursery at home—to its toys, to wishing it were "to-morrow;" the little hands played with the prayer-books, with the fringes on mamma's cloak, with anything which came handy; the poor little head buzzed and ached, and then sank listlessly against mamma's dress, and then there was peace! Alas! as time rolled quickly on, even the luxury of unconsciousness was denied us. We were getting "too big to sleep in church." Push and shake followed every attempt to slumber; crying brought certain chastisement after service was over; and church on Sundays grew into as fruitful a source of punishment as lessons on Monday, and—can it be wondered at?—was hated quite as much.

There followed an epoch when we grew even more wicked—when church-going became positive torture, and sermons detested beyond even the Latin grammar. We were sent to a day-school in the neighbourhood; the master attended our church; so did most, if not all, of his boys. He obliged us to make notes of the sermon; to take down, in memory or on paper, the heads and leading ideas, and then, on Sunday afternoon, to write out a sermon of our own from the same text, and with the same divisions, for correction and revision by himself on Monday. Could we have been called upon to hear sermons more absurdly, more cruelly, more injudiciously? It is a long time ago now, but still we say "no," emphatically, and for the warning of all teachers of the present generation. All this time, and we note it with some amusement, we were not much troubled by those whose special duty it was to have *called upon us—i.e.*, our godfathers and godmothers. Call upon us they seldom did, and even then it was only to visit our parents, noticing us, their godchild, by, perhaps, a pat on the head, and a hope that we were a good boy. We boast that we never forget a kindness, and we really are grateful, at the present moment, for this merciful forgetfulness.

Here we stop in our recollections altogether. It is true we have had our troubles in the sermon line since—that we have them now. Space would fail us to tell how often we have groaned under school-boy essays, wearisome platitudes, cuttings from various authors, jumbled together, and joined with home-made and very bad cement; common-place and uninteresting comments on the most interesting subjects, erudite discussions on doctrines and errors of which we had not previously had the smallest conception, and which concern us as little as the fables of ancient Rome. We fear much that our troubles are not over yet; and, again, we say we shudder as we think of our hapless, helpless godchild, and of our bounden duty "to call upon him to hear sermons."

MORAL.—Good Christian public!—a serious one!—Take a word of advice, you parents, who would fain make religion loved by your little ones, and bring them up to be good church and chapel goers in their after days—take it also, and especially, you philanthropic clergy, ministers, and teachers, who have charge of Sunday schools. Don't cram religion by the gallon down little throats! Don't fancy that long, unintelligible services in church, following close on the heels of long-winded instruction at school, can fail to be injurious to the child's spiritual welfare! Early impressions are stubborn things. The old man will remember incidents of his boyhood, while the last ten years are almost a blank to him. We sincerely believe that a great deal of the much-lamented carelessness and irreligion which prevail among our young men, of eighteen and upwards, is owing to the wearisome, compulsory religious training through which they were dragged in their younger days. When will you, our "spiritual teachers, pastors, and masters," learn to mingle tact and discretion with your zeal—learn to put yourselves into the position of the little ones, who are so completely at your mercy—learn to dread, most of all, the religious training which wearies the child of all religion whatever? Why can't you who are

high in authority—bishops, members of convocation, and the like—frame, and get proper sanction for, a short, simple service, or two, suitable for children? Or, without going to this trouble, or waiting for the slow movements of slow-footed authorities, what is there to hinder any clergyman from making a short service out of the prayer-book for his school children, having, say, the litany alone for them at some hour which would not interfere with the usual services? Then he might say a few plain, loving words to them, as a father to his family, and many a little one would listen and learn. Is the clergyman too hard worked on Sunday already? Then, in the name of common sense, let him divide the long morning service, as it at present stands. It invites division. Let there be a children's service, consisting of morning prayer, and *a child's sermon*, at ten o'clock, lasting altogether not longer than half-an-hour. Let older people attend it, if they like. Many would be glad to do so, especially wives who have to get their husbands' dinners ready. Then, at eleven, let there be the litany, the communion office, and the usual *grown-up* sermon. Surely, this would not entail very much more trouble. All classes of people would like it better, and church-going would no longer be a thing of hateful, wearisome compulsion to our little ones, but rather one of pleasure and use. Won't this plan do, either? Then let the children have a little service of their own in the school-room, conducted by some of their teachers (who might take the duty by turns), and don't bring the little ones to church at all, or until, at any rate, they are ten or twelve years old—the age being varied according to the child's intelligence and knowledge.

Finally, dear clergy, do try and preach better sermons!

THE "STANDARD."

FROM the journal which has the "largest circulation in the world," the mind naturally turns to the one which is the "largest paper in the world." The two announcements are equally ubiquitous. They very often lie so close together as to look like one advertisement. Wherever we see the *Daily Telegraph* announced, we see the *Standard* too. If, by chance, the former blue placard manages to get advertised by itself, the letters seem to have a gentle grin upon them, as much as to say, "dodged, at last!"—while the latter is never so happy as when it can seize hold of a blank wall, and cover it with one huge "STANDARD," before its rival can get posted up. It must be confessed that the "largest paper in the world" is a servile and poor imitation of the "largest circulation in the world." If it comes to that, anything can call itself the somethingest or other "in the world." The *Sphinx* might call itself what an enterprising newsboy, who had laid in a stock, lately called it—the "best paper in the world;" while the *Manchester Observer* might—with, perhaps, more regard for truth—call itself the "worst paper in the world." But the *Standard* seems content with its advertisement; and probably increased its original size in order to make the announcement. We believe the veracity of its assertion is not quite so established as that of its rival's; but it makes up for the fib—if it be a fib—by its bigness. It is ambitious not only of being announced as the "largest paper in the world," but of being so announced in the largest letters in the world.

Whether the *Standard* can justify its boast or not—and by the way, if a larger London "daily" started, would it pull down its hundreds of pounds-worth of boards?—at least, no moderate man could, with decency, turn himself into a literary Oliver Twist, and ask "for more" for his money; and as all its readers are "moderate" men, there is no prospect of any unseemly display of appetite. Whatever objections may be urged to the quality of the *Standard's* productions, none can be urged to the quantity. The size of its sheet enables it to give, in addition to the usual amount of leaded type, a number of little paragraphs of most entertaining matter. In fact, it is a most amusing paper. *Punch*, *Fun*, and *Judy*, put together, are not half as good. The rabid political partisanship which it indulges in to wild excess, displays itself in such mad ecstacies of prejudice as are perfectly ludicrous to read. We roar over our *Standard*. No article is too unfair, no calumny is too gross, no personal peculiarity is too trifling, no idle rumour is too absurd, to be quoted and backed up in its frenzied columns; provided the unfair article is unfair to the "disunited Liberal party;" provided the calumny is against some "so-called Liberal measure;" provided the personal peculiarity is a personal peculiarity of that "burly demagogue," and altogether most objectionable person, John Bright; provided the idle rumour concerns that "place-hunting turncoat," William Ewart Gladstone. What can be more amusing than this? What can be more delightful reading than scathing abuse, that hurts nobody's feelings. The most sensitive Liberal—the "place-hunting turncoat" himself—could scarcely be hurt by any censure of the *Standard's*. The paper is so completely unreasonable—so stark mad—that its most wanton attacks could only move to laughter. The amusement the paper affords one is not interrupted by either pity or sorrow that there exist human beings so sunk in prejudice, and of such miserably weak understanding, as the writers on the *Standard*. Their rampant injustice and raving rancour—for we are not speaking of their politics—put them beyond the pale of humanity; so that one is not troubled with any human compunction in deriding them. One cannot be angry at them; one cannot pity them; all one can do is—lean back in our chair, and roar! We do not say a word against their honesty. That is one of the most entertaining circumstances about their articles. They are so farcically honest! They are so palpably the irrepressible outpourings of thoroughly prejudice-saturated and party-soaked hearts. The "matter," however, of the *Standard* is, as we have said, quite harmless. Although it censures and abuses with all its heart and soul, its censure and abuse are alike innocuous: for the simple reason that they are too outrageous to be credited.

We sat down with the intention of committing to paper all the characteristics of the *Standard*, and we have every desire to fulfil our purpose; but, on consideration, we find that the *Standard* has only the one characteristic which we have mentioned: that is to say, all its other qualities are so overpowered, and absorbed into that one, as to become trivial. Bigotry is its essence. It permeates its every column, its every line, its every word. It affects its leading articles, its news, its reports, its reviews, its criticisms, its quotations, its paragraphs, almost its advertisments. It is so eminently and conspicuously the characteristic of the paper, that to dwell on minor ones would raise them into disproportionate prominence. It cannot keep politics out of anything. Its very reporters seem to be Conservatives, or, at least, members of the Constitutional Associations. On whatever subjects its leading articles begin, they invariably end on politics. Suppose it had an article upon the recent failure of the Atlantic cable. It would commence by graphically describing the waste of waters that roared between the old and new worlds before the laying of the cable, severing the two, and keeping them and their commercial interests apart for days together. Then it would describe the enterprise and triumph of establishing electrical communication between them—dilating on the advantages of the connection, but at the same time warning us lest we should suffer the machinations of ranting demagogues to make it a means of Americanising our institutions. Next, after describing the late misfortune to the wire, it would proceed: as, when the cable lay in its integrity at the bottom of the deep blue sea, it held the two worlds firmly bound in concord and good feeling, so does the beneficent government of the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli hold the estates of this ancient and Conservative realm in peace and mutual amity. Having, by a life-long advocacy of sound constitutional principles, gained the entire respect and confidence of our grand old aristocracy; and, by a politic and magnanimous concession to the lower orders, endeared himself to the Conservative working-men of this country, he wields the sceptre of power to the admiration of the whole civilised community, except a few envious and malignant detractors, who make opposition to measurse the cloak to their jealousy of men. But as that cable, in its integrity, cannot help being attacked and harassed by the discords of the elements, so Mr. Disraeli, in *his* integrity, is not suffered to govern the kingdom in peace, but is subjected to the factious opposition and interested enmity of Mr. Gladstone, who—having sacrificed his country to his own inordinate ambition and ungovernable temper—"descends into the gutter," to seek the aid of Finlens and of Beales's, to annoy what he never can disturb, to attack what he never can overthrow—our glorious constitution of Church and State.

And so on, through the paper. It regularly peruses all the other publications in the country, and, whenever it comes upon an article sufficiently partial, unjust, and extravagant for its approbation, cuts it out and inserts it in its ample columns. It habitually prints the most violent and puerile letters from correspondents, making the most preposterous propositions. The other week it admitted a letter from an

idiot at large, bemoaning the difficulty he had in procuring, from a station-newsvendor, the only paper that proved its reader to be a gentleman—to wit, itself! The illiterate nonsense, the envenomed virulence, the fulsome flattery, in which it permits its correspondents to indulge, would, in any other journal, be revolting. In it, they only add to the comicality of the whole thing. They make one laugh—as it is said—"consumedly."

Either for comical or serious purposes, a many people buy the *Standard*. It has a large circulation, both for its morning and evening editions. This its copious and miscellaneous contents deserve. It sells well in the street and at the railway stalls; in coffee-rooms and places where they read, it is generally in demand. The largeness of its circulation makes its puffs valuable; and consequently its favours are much solicited. These sometimes it grants. We well remember seeing its announcement that a new satirical poem was in preparation, of rare power, which would make a sensation in the reading world. The new satirical poem came out, and didn't make the slightest sensation in the reading world. This was unfortunate. Better luck, next time!

The *Standard* is not destitute of ability. It is, by no means, as incapable as its correspondents. Although it equals them in folly, it excels them in wit. Its general capacity is not inconsiderable; and its powers of abuse are remarkable. The ingenuity with which it manages to make out that Mr. Disraeli is invariably right, and Mr. Gladstone as invariably wrong, is a study; and if poetry is the spontaneous effervescence of feeling, it is poetical in a high degree. The mimicry with which, in a little slipped-in paragraph, it occasionally mocks the tone and style of its advertising acquaintance, the *Gaily Bellowgraph*, is clever. But, instead of exercising and multiplying its talents, it takes and buries them in the mud of eternal political controversy, in which it sticks, and kicks its heels about, and besmirches its adversaries with continuous splashes. Setting aside what its political opinions are—which does not concern us—it is so partial and unscrupulous in putting the best face on its own and the worst on its opponents', that the justice of those opinions—even supposing them to be just—is overshadowed by the injustice of its advocacy of them. The *Standard* is a satire on itself. Nothing shows its own absurdity better than its own absurdity. Its remarks are so extravagantly one-sided and intolerant, that they show the foolishness of one-sidedness and intolerance. Its articles are burlesques. It lampoons itself. Most useful newspaper! by making an example of its own extravagance, affording a wholesome warning to writers; and, by rendering itself and its opinions ridiculous, affording a never-failing fund of entertainment to readers. Ludicrous *Standard!* When that hypothetical larger newspaper to which we have referred does start, do not despair; do not give up the hoardings you possess; but paint out your present announcement, and paint up instead, "Best comic paper in the world."

BEN LANG'S.

AFTER a storm comes a calm. After a catastrophe comes the inevitable special correspondent. It is no wonder, then, that the music-hall whose nick-name heads this article should have achieved a notoriety which its merits might not, under ordinary circumstances, have obtained. The public has heard a good deal about Ben Lang's of late; and curiosity having been, in some degree, appeased by vivid pictures in the *Illustrated Police News*—for the incorrectness of which we can vouch—the somewhat unsavoury subject might well be dropped, except that the remarks and comments which it has occasioned have broached the very interesting and important topic of the moral influence of low music-halls, and their merits and demerits in comparison with higher classes of entertainments. The subject having thus been elevated out of the sensational into the social, it deserves to be pursued.

A philanthropist, whose opinions would be entitled to greater weight if he had the advantage of a little knowledge of the subject on which he expatiates, has recently been stigmatising Mr. Lang's and similar resorts in the columns of the press. The cause of the low music-halls has been warmly espoused against him by two of their frequenters. Therefore, knowing that the sentiments of the philanthropist are the sentiments of the majority of the public, and anxious to test the truth of the assertions of the other side, we have put ourselves in a position to tell the public how far its opinions are correct, from personal experience.

We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Russell and the engineer at Sharp's are right, and that the philanthropist and the public are wrong. Ben Lang's is a small, dirty theatre, of considerable height, round three sides of which run two rectangular galleries. The stage is very small, but fitted up with foot-lights and a drop-scene in the regular manner. The benches or perches are narrow, hard, and close together, but mostly having backs. The decorations—if there ever were any—are so begrimed with filth as to be invisible, and the whole place is dismal, dirty, and disagreeable in the extreme. But when one considers that the prices of admission are only threepence to the body of the hall, and twopence to the galleries, the poverty of the place's appearance is not to be wondered at; and when one looks at the character of the audience, one gets a more favourable impression of the establishment than one would from its appearance. Judging from the place itself, no amount of evil in the audience or on the stage would be unexpected. Judging by the people assembled, it is evident that the place is certainly not a bad place, and by no means so low as it is represented. Possibly, some of the grimy hands temporarily engaged in the expression of applause may not have been altogether ignorant of the sensation of being in another person's pocket; probably, not a single male person present had not been drunk, some time or other, in his life: but that the assembly was composed of "thieves" and "drunkards," no body who saw it could assert. With regard to the women, we can speak with still more of certainty. There was not a single one in the audience whom the most philanthropic of imaginations could conjure into a disreputable character. The men were principally dirty, but genuine workmen, with more than a sprinkling of intelligent mechanics. The women were respectable relatives, or about-to-be relatives, of the men, and they had, evidently, come out for an honest evening's enjoyment, and were not there either out of idleness, or looseness, or immorality. The audience was decidedly young—so were the performers—and as "no boys" are "admitted," we suppose we must call a fourth of the assemblage "youths." These seem to be the only class who patronise the gallery. There was very little drinking, not very much smoking; a placard warned "whistlers" to "beware," and the proceedings were characterised by the utmost order and decorum. The only evil tendency apparent was an evident aversion to soap and water.

Ben Lang's is notoriously a "low" music-hall. Perhaps, our Alexandra and, certainly, the London Alhambra is a high-class music-hall. Well, we have been in both; and the miserable shilling's worth to which they both treated us is not to be compared to Mr. Lang's threepenny worth. Of course, "comic songs" are everywhere alike disgusting and dreary; but the comic songs there sung were no more disgusting and no more dreary than those sung at evening parties by modern young gentlemen, to the unbounded applause of modern young ladies. Indeed, the remarks which one of the singers interpolated were not destitute of real fun, and were quite as original as contemporary comedies. On the evening when we paid Mr. Lang a call, a company of pantomimists made their first appearance. We fear their performance trenched on a "stage-play" too closely to be safely acted without a license, but it certainly deserved one. We admit their art to be low, but, of its sort, it was capital. The leader of the troupe appeared to be a perfect pantomimic genius. No clown we ever saw was equal to him, and he was well supported by his two colleagues. If actors had as good a notion of their high art as these pantomimists had of their low one, the theatre would be a paradise on earth. There was really no drawback to their genuine ability, in the shape of coarseness or profanity, if we except their taking to their prayers when they were pantomiming terror; and even this, viewed in its right light, is an exquisite bit of satire. Its fault consists in the certainty of its not being understood as such, and, perhaps, in its not being intended so to be understood. With this exception, their pantomime was a ludicrous burlesque, which the Lord High Chancellor might have enjoyed, without any derogation of his dignity, as the head of the "learned professions."

We mention this performance by way of showing that the entertainment at Ben Lang's is not despicable. That any mental or moral improvement can be got out of it, we do not maintain. Even if such a place were allowed to represent "stage-plays," we do not think the sort which would be represented would do much towards elevating the mind or taste of the spectators. But we can very well believe that many a hard-working labourer may get a harmless evening's recreation out of

such a place. "Isn't it nice?" said a woman to her companion, as they went out; and we have no doubt the question would have been affirmatively answered by most persons present. It is absurd to pull wry faces. People must be amused; and it is preposterous to expect common people to enjoy so high a class of entertainment as more educated folks. Their whole lives are coarser. When we begin to refine them, let us begin with their work and not with their play. A critic ought to put aside his own personal preferences, and enter into the spirit of what he is criticising. No one who does so can speak of Ben Lang's in immeasured terms of censure. It is a low place, but not a bad one—a dirty place, but a fairly decent one. We can quite understand a common man preferring it to the theatre. To begin with, for half what he pays to be stuck up in the ceiling of the theatre, he can occupy the body of the hall, and feel he is as good as any there. In the second place, he gets an entertainment, of its sort, better done. And lastly, he can smoke his pipe. An occasional evening of this sort will keep him out of mischief, will amuse his leisure, and cannot possibly do him any harm. To call a place that entertains some two hundred average-decent common people every night, a nursery of "thieves, drunkards, prostitutes," and "criminal population," is so much ignorant clap-trap.

The truth of the matter has been pointed out by one who has "been in Ben Lang's many times." The censors or these low music-halls know nothing at all about them, and mistake them for their richer relations. It is they that are the evil things. The low places are, though low, real places of entertainment. The high places are resorts of vice. It is not on the working-man, but on young gentlemen with plenty of money, the best connections, and received in "society," that music-halls exercise a pernicious influence. If the hand of the law is to interpose at all, it should be to deprive the "respectability" of the means of gratifying its vicious inclinations, and not to rob common people of their honest recreation. To music-halls, as to everything else, the world is too apt to apply its eternal standard of money. As the "chaste" decorations of the rich ones are but whited sepulchres, concealing rottenness, so the dirt of the poor ones is an equally misleading witness to their character.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we mean to say these latter are perfect patterns of purity and propriety. We do not. And both Mr. B. Russell and the engineer at Sharp's have—either wilfully or innocently—deceived the readers of their letters in the paper, when they imply that nothing in the entertainment at Ben Lang's is "demoralising," "vile," or "broad." Immorality is too deeply rooted in society for the frequenters of Ben Lang's to be exempt from it. We have the worst opinion of the decency of the lower orders. In respect of morality, there is not a pin to choose between working-men and gentlemen. The lower classes are as immoral as the upper; the upper classes are as immoral as the lower. If "those who live in glass houses should not throw stones"—a mad maxim, to act on which would be to do away with satire—though the philanthropist should not have taunted Ben Lang's, the engineer should also not have taunted the Haymarket Company. Nobody can endorse more heartily than ourselves his condemnation of half the "damns"—the other half are necessary and proper—and all the "inuendos" with which that Company mar their performances; but the engineer really ought not to try and make his readers believe in the superior morals of the music-hall he defends. Possibly he does so innocently. In that case, it is somewhat remarkable that, whereas he "knows Lang's well," yet "never heard anything so really vile and broad in them," we—who had never visited the place before—should not have been in it ten minutes before the only ovation we heard during the evening greeted a "point" that would have made the Haymarket Company split with jealousy. Some may doubt whether it is possible to make a coarser one than many of the Haymarket points, but a comic singer at Ben Lang's has achieved the feat. That such a performance should be applauded to the echo may be very abominable, but we are unable to see—it may be owing to a defect in our understanding—why it is any worse in workmen to applaud a singer who ought to be kicked, than it is in gentlemen to cheer an actor who ought to have his head soused in a bucket of water. It may be the same defect in our understanding which incapacitates us from comprehending why it is more sad that a mechanic's wife should hear a coarse comic song, than that the Princess of Wales should see the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein.

GEE'S PUFFER OUT-PUFFED.

A PLAGUE on your vowels, your O's and your E's:
Give me some sound consonants—some B's or some Gee's.

And for choice altogether, I take to the latter,
For Gee's good as a letter, and good as a hatter.

For lightness and quality, comfort and ease,
I ne'er felt the like of a felt-lined of Gee's.

If the sun be so hot, it burns leaves off the trees,
You'll be cool as a Scot in a felt-lined of Gee's.

Add should it grow cold, so that whiskey will freeze,
Why your forehead's quite warm in this famed hat of Gee's.

If you've fallen in love and a lady would please,
It's a *sine qud non* to propose in a Gee's.

For dressed in good broad-cloth, or duffel, or frieze,
A man always looks well if he's topped by a Gee's.

And if he be thin, or just plump, or obese,
He's quite *comme il faut* if his tile came from Gee's.

If among "howling swells" he'd be reckoned "the cheese,"
Let him just get a "sensation header" from Gee's.

Some hats fit so close that the temples they squeeze,
But that's not the case with the felt-lined of Gee's.

And some are so loose they fly off if you sneeze,
But it sticks like a dun, does the felt-lined of Gee's.

So well is this known, that a hive full of bees,
Is a desert compared to the famed shop of Gee's.

For its crowded with suppliants down on their knees,
All praying to get these rare castors of Gee's.

O! smooth are the meadows and glossy the leas,
But they're roughness compared with this triumph of Gee's.

You will chirp like the crickets and hop like the fleas,
With ecstatic delight when possessed of a Gee's.

And though you cross mountains or traverse the seas,
No equal you'll find to this head piece of Gee's.

To the Temple of Fashion you'll ne'er have the keys.
Until you possess a good felt-lined of Gee's.

And my Muse, as I write, warms up by degrees,
Till she's quite on a glow with this topic of Gee's.

She could burst into serenades, catches, or glees,
In praise of this matchless production of Gee's.

Put for fear too long length our readers should teaze,
We bow, and cry finis with—Gee-up to Gee's!

LEGAL LICENCE.

It is understood that the Salford magistrates, at the recent sessions, decided, notwithstanding much opposition from certain old-fashioned frequenters of the place, that the Salford Borough Court should be licensed as a place of public entertainment. The well-known lessee produced testimonials of the highest character as to his extraordinary versatility and experience in the conduct of the establishment. We may be allowed to express a hope that this popular place of amusement and its agreeable bar will receive a due share of public patronage. Fortune-telling done with ease and dispatch; likewise haircutting in the most superior style at the lowest prices.

THE REAL CROWNER'S QUEST.—To find an intelligent juryman that likes the job.

ON THE RIALTO.

III.

"BUT Life is at bottom. So fearfully earnest that it were unbear-
"able were it not for this strange mixture of the humourous
"with the tragic." So says Heine, and we must beg our readers to be kind enough to take that saying as the key-note to the subsequent remarks.

With what adamantine rigidity our Rialto is closed against non-subscribers, how sternly they are pilloried when they have succeeded in eluding the assiduous door-keepers, is well known to all. But there is One who pays no subscription; whose name never figures in the strangers' book: and yet who enters the building whenever he will, as seldom and as often as he chooses, and removes its members at his own dread pleasure, despite the rhadamanthine Simpson and his officers. And that interloper is—Death! The awful phantom that broods over human life, and whose terrible shadow dulled the brilliant animalism of the ancient Greek, and cast a terror into the iron bosom of the Roman, is still, as of yore, the King of Terrors to us moderns. In the names of Thanatos or Mars they endeavoured to sketch his inevitable, his inexorable might: and when they had dwelt upon the capricious nature of his visitations, his utter callousness to goodness or to greatness, to domestic affections and to national wants, to give a finish to the dreadful vision, they pictured his utter fearlessness, and told him he smote the despot on his throne with the same impassive sternness as the beggar in his hovel. And yet, the picture did not seem adequate. It was reserved to the developments of our more advanced and complicated civilisation, to supply material for putting the finishing stroke to the illustration of the audacity of the Foe of Man. Not only, as of old, does he enter the palace in spite of sentinel, and the fortress in the teeth of guard and warder; he even defies Simpson, and stalks without a ticket into the very centre of our Rialto, and smites his trident into whom he will. It has been well said that Manchester in its invention of its P.P. had added a new pang to capital punishment; and it has also been given to our famous city, through its Simpson, to lend a new dignity to Death.

We have had a recent visit of this unwelcome stranger, and our Exchange numbers two subscribers the less. Ten days ago there were two faces upon the boards who will be seen neither there nor elsewhere by mortal eye any more for ever. Among the list of victims who perished in the Llandulas holocaust appear the names of Mr. W. T. Lund and Mr. W. B. Parkinson, both well-known forms and faces on our Rialto. The former was pretty widely known as a business man, and by his own personal friends he was respected and beloved as a kindly, genial, upright gentleman. But beyond this he had no special standing on our Exchange to call for extended comment or reflection. Mr. Parkinson, however, was a representative man. Few gentlemen, from the outlying towns, were better known in the room. Manchester respected him, and Blackburn had every reason to be proud of him. For fifteen years he had been the representative of a well-known staple. Over the wide East, wherever English calicoes are known, for a quarter of a century, "Forrest's shirtings" have had an honourable name. It was the passion of the late James Forrest's life to build up an enduring reputation. He believed, as the old school generally believed and practised, that the surest road to lasting wealth was to make a sterling article. He was proud of his shirting, as some men are of their poultry, their dogs, or their pictures. And he succeeded: himself and his wares were institutions in Manchester long before he died. When he was removed, Mr. Parkinson became the representative of the firm here; and we believe the ancient reputation did not suffer in his hands. Certain we are that as far as he himself was concerned, no more honourable, upright, or agreeable person came amongst us. To frank, cheery manners he added considerable decision of character, sound judgment, and an amount of reading and information rare among tradesmen, and doubly rare among country manufacturers. Those who encountered him, simply in his business capacity, respected his straightforward integrity: those who had the advantage of his friendship admired his kindly manners and his tolerance. Although a distinct politician, his fellow-townsmen of all sections of life and party liked him; and in the innermost centre of his domestic life he was beloved. Such is the man who, having been harassed and perplexed, as all of us have been in the wild oscillations of the cotton trade, set out to seek a few weeks solace in the freshness of the Sister Isle. Cotton, calico, and care were cast aside, and with his brother and his friend beside him, he turned light-hearted to the West. The autumnal breeze freshened his spirits, the August sun danced upon the neighbouring sea Blackburn, and its smoke and its politics, Manchester and its trade hubbub were well behind him, and the Emerald Island and its loughs and mountains were before, and in a second he was in the midst of a very Gehenna of flame, and a few charred fragments were all that remained of a good man. The limits of mortality were to him indeed, *flamantia moenia mundi*.

Gentlemen of higher station perished with him, but none whom we could more afford to loose. Peer will succeed peer, country gentleman will succeed country gentleman, and except that the Christian name is altered, as far as the world goes, all will be much the same. But in the present degraded state of commerce in this district, the loss of a manufacturer of sterling integrity, filled with the ancient traditions of the trade, is an irreparable loss. You may walk through our Rialto next Tuesday, and hustle or be hustled by scores of men, of whom it may be said that society had been a gainer had their fathers and mothers met with a railway catastrophe on their honeymoon. These remain, and he is taken.

One can hardly turn away from such a topic, and proceed to light sketches of our Exchange *habitués*. And yet, the living must live. Carlyle calls attention to the astounding fact, that at the very moment when the September massacres were being perpetrated, the theatres and operas were playing, as usual. And though catastrophe follow catastrophe, the *Sphinx* must make its weekly appearance, and, making that appearance must be filled with matter of the usual stamp. And the poor showman must put up his little booth, although his own heart ache, and there be death in the village, and produce his puppets, and beat his little drum, and cry *roo-ti-too-it*, all the same.

* * * *

Among the frequenters of the Exchange who are unconnected with the cotton trade, the dealers in wine, beer, and spirits hold a very noticeable place. While Mr. Alderman Mackie is plying his trade outside, with infinite noise and confusion, patent to all, a very quiet and regular business is being transacted within. You can buy anything you like on the Exchange, from a nine-gallon cask of table beer, to port at a guinea a bottle. The beer-sellers are a subdued body of men—look like people who have had losses like Dogberry—and they give you the idea of having slept in sawdust, and of having bottled-off pale ale till they were quite exhausted before they came on. These men generally touch you modestly on the arm, and, whispering "Anything in my way to-day?" give a faint smile if you order a few dozen of Bass, as much as to say "I did'nt expect it;" and retire humbly if yougive a curt negative, with an expression of face indicative of feeling that they have, at any rate, done their duty. As you rise from malt to wine, you perceive a marked difference. The general dealer, who is prepared to offer anything or everything—Alsop, brandy, sherry, champagne, or claret—is generally a rather bouncey, familiar man; he stands boldly in the very middle of the room, and holds his own with the great McSquaretoes himself. But when you rise to port at one hundred shillings, and clarets at from eighty to two hundred, you soar altogether into a perfectly aristocratic atmosphere. These people never ask for business. If you were to hint that your cellars wanted replenishing, you would, doubtless, find that they got replenished; but it would only be when the bill came in that you suspected that the dignified gentleman you had spoken to had given even a second thought to your requirements. We have watched Oldham for an hour. He walks about, a tall, fine, benevolent-looking man, with grey hair and light waistcoat, as though he were waiting to take the chair at a philanthropic dinner, and never yet was he seen to make a memorandum. Yet, somehow he lives and flourishes on wine, and we suppose port does proceed from his cellars to his thirsty fellow-creatures, and is paid for. The grandest of all is Winter. Stern and cross, he seems to despise humanity at large. He is distantly—very distantly—related to the upper circles, and, with compressed lips and nose in the air, he saunters and snorts about among the wretched beings who ply their disgraced commerce round about him. We have often wondered who they are who dare to make advances to him, and whether the butts that unquestionably go into his cellar ever come out. He can't drink them himself, or he would be mellower. As for us, we should as soon

think of giving him an order as of giving a judge upon the bench a dig in the ribs. Beside these we have the intermittent wine-dealers, birds of passage, who come once a-year. A few of these are Scotch, and the rest Germans—and, of course, not Jews. These people used to cheat the Exchange systematically. They got their names entered for a month by two subscribers, and then plied their trade vigorously, at no expense. Simpson has stopped this now. One of them, a genuine Scot, always thought it was wrong, but he never paid. He saved his money and his conscience at the same time. Saunders McQuaich used to say, "Nae mon that has the fear o' the Lord before his eyes—and I'm happy to say that I never missed my speeretual exercises nicht or mornin' :—ech, sir, the advauntages of a sound presbyterian bringin' up—Nae sic a mon, I say, would do business on these boards and no pay. I niver collected an account nor soleecited an order in this room. Sae you'll no tak offence at me not asking if you're wanting anything the noo: but if ye'll say whan ye'll be in your office, I'll just call in." And punctual as rates McQuaich did call. By the united aid of prayer and perseverance McQuaich has established a large trade: and he has the happy knack of managing to live on his customers into the bargain. He never stays at an hotel, but favouring his clients with himself and his valise, he first sings the family to sleep with the most lugubrious Scotch ditties, and then wakens them up again by the vociference of his "speeritual exercises:" so that what with the good fellowship of the vocalist, and the piety of the prayers, he establishes confidence and flourishes, as the godly too seldom do, in this wicked world. Moreover he is related to Lord Touzie, to the Earl of Blether, and to Sir Haggis McSonsie: and he does not require payment till he visits you again next year. His German competitor proceeds in a diametrically opposite manner. No prayer, no aristocracy, no singing with him. He produces a gilded wine list, with a picture of Frankfort, or Cologne or the Rhine atop, and a most fascinating catalogue of unpronounceable hocks below; and armed with this strikes straight out at human weakness. He knows that nine men out of ten cannot resist ordering luxuries they have not to pay for for one entire twelvemonth. He moreover generally appeals to the *nouveaux riches*, who know little or nothing about his wines, and to whom an aroma of getting into society hangs about having wines in their cellar whose names they cannot pronounce. "No shentleman ought to be widout a good glass of Shrackmanheim of '62 in his cellar." Poor little Fent does not like to appear not a gentleman, so he orders a case or two, and our German friend returns to Frankfort. Formerly there was a semblance of sense in this trade. You could understand a Rhine Land Jew being able to sell you good Rhine wine. But why should he be able to supply you with champagne and claret and liqueurs any better, or as well as any one else? Yet all these now figure on his card; and we are persuaded if one year you asked for a dozen of the best blacking, next year would see that useful commodity on the gilded list. After all, their success is due not a little to their cheery manners. They are so chirpingly cheerful, and so humble too. Bright black eyes look at you and seem to say: "Give me an order and you can do what you like. If some one has ruffled your temper, kick *me; I* shall never mind. If some one has offended you, pull *my* nose; ve like long noses. Just let me book one little order and you pay me in one year, two year; never, if never convenient."

We have, however, glided into an unpleasant topic. For the time of their periodic visit is approaching, and we owe at least one of them a little bill.

A Show of "Hands."—A Working Men's demonstration.

Questionable Information.—The sense of a meeting.

The Last Rows of Summer.—The Nemesis Regatta.

The Sweets of Office.—Receipts for preservation.

Breeches of Trust.—Pantaloons on credit.

THE GRAND DUCHESS AT THE ROYAL.

CONCERNING the *Grand Duchess*,
A few artless, modest touches
Are all we dare presume on, or shall be allowed to say;
But in them an honest view of her,
And our notions of a few of her
Unhackneyed ways of doing things, we'll endeavour to pourtray.

Trying hard not to be rude a bit,
Nor shock the veriest prude a whit,
Still less to vex the galaxy which approvingly doth sit,
And each evening proudly graces,
In booked and paid-for places,
The gold-scroll-fronted crescent which en-callipers the pit.

There are few but must have heard about,
The sentiments averred about,
The merits of this latest importation of the Gaul;
Some say it not decorous is,
And that sprightly songs and choruses
Cloak a lot of amphibology, which is—not correct at all;

Whilst others, less fastidious,
Maintain 'tis simply hideous
Affectation to assert 'tis not mellifluously chaste;
Affirm the piece perfection is,
To which the least objection is
Impossible in any one who has the slightest taste.

'Tis a kind of comic opera,
Wherein, if aught improper, a
Strait-laced hyper-critic should material find for blame,
Let him learn that Offenbach has had
An aim. In fact, a whack has had
All the wayward what-d'ye-callums of a high-born Spanish dame.

A couple of Grand Duchesses—
Tho' surely quite as much as is
Consistent, in one season, within reason to confer
On the drama's devotees,—is
Sufficient proof it pleases,
And that *they* must share what odium it may possibly incur.

We hope 'tis no aspersion
To say the English version,
With its levigated *équivoques* occurring now and then,
Resembles scarce a particle
The piquant spicy article
Imported by the Schneider for the virtuous Upper Ten;

Though the naughtiness cut out of its
Libretto leaves no doubt of its
Loss in Gallic flavour for the moral savour gained;
And the common Cockney slang in it,
Leaves a coarse and vulgar twang in it,
Whereat the Offenbachian soul needs must feel extremely pained.

And Miss Mathews, we must own, with her
(Though we gladly would condone with her)
Most expressive optics, as she ogled private Fritz,
Made us feel that were we he, and she
So should fusillade us, we
Should leave the paths of rectitude, or take providential fits.

Nor can we understand her
Still repeating an *entendré*,
Of which, to do her justice, she seems thoroughly ashamed;
Her self-consciousness, of course, is,
An adjunct to the sources
Whence its unbecoming force is not less strong in being maimed.

But how any sober man can
In the Royal's decent can-can
See anything to cavil at, our comprehension beats.
'Tis unjust to reckon ill of it,
When they make a mild quadrille of it,
Excepting that the Payne's perform some Scaramouchic feats.

And then, as to the plot of it,
'Tis sufficient that the lot of it
Is hardly less extensive than the Duchess's domains;
Whilst endeavouring to discover
One, we find the play is over,
And are pleasantly rewarded with our labour for our pains.

A BIT OF LOCAL NATURAL HISTORY.

WE live exactly a hundred yards over a shilling drive from St. Ann's Square, according to the Corporation measurement; and, near as this is to the heart of a vast city like Manchester, we have been able to count, until recently, sixteen different species of birds either as constantly resident, or visiting us at one period of the year or another. This may, perhaps, be doubted by some of our readers, but we state a simple fact, and, if necessary, we could give all the names at length. One or two come very rarely, indeed, and one or two appear to have left us altogether. Of these latter, the flycatcher, a bird of passage, which first appears about the 20th of May, failed last year, for the first time, to return to his old haunts. This year he has failed once more, and we have given up all hopes of seeing this favourite here again. Thrushes, which used to abound, and cheer us so often with their lusty song at early morn and dewy eve, have all but gone. It is said that they have been shot one after another by the gardener of one of our neighbours, whose wife complained that her sleep was disturbed by their untimely notes! And so we have said good bye to these cheerful songsters. *Eheu fugaces!*

It is another of our regrets that the graceful little bird, the swallow, has become almost an entire stranger to our city, and its immediate neighbourhood. The fact is, we have smoked it out, as we have done a good many of our own species. We suppose that it admires clean clothes, like ourselves, and that it has its own ideas about the emancipation of the blacks. In our early days, at the Grammar School, we remember well that, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, and when the season for migrating was close at hand, the swallow used to scud within a few feet of the ground, in great numbers, along the narrow streets leading to that grimy building; and it was an amusement with the boys to strike at them with long sticks and whips, sometimes too successfully, they, poor things, not seeming to be at all consoious of the danger they were in. If we want to see swallows now-a-days, we must go quite out into the country. And we do want to see them. They are useful in their way, as everybody knows. They do no mischief to vegetation, as many other birds are said to do. They even kindle thoughts of poetry in our minds. Who does not think, as for the first time each spring he sees the beautiful movements of those silken wings, so different from the stiff, formal flight of our constant feathered residents, of—

O swallow, swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

O swallow, swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

Perhaps, we may be thought foolish,—and we hope it may not lead hereafter to our will being disputed,—but the first time each year that we see these innocent creatures, we positively take off our hat, in token of our hearty welcome. Our opportunities for noting their earliest arrival are, of course, not equal to those of persons whose home is in the country; but our experience during the last five years is as follows:—In 1864, we saw our first swallow for that year on the 27th of April; in 1865, on the 17th of the same month; in 1866, on the 16th; and in 1867, on the 22nd—all, as it happened, at Sale;—and in the present year, on the 23rd, at Northenden. So much for swallows, in general.

And now we want to say a few words about a family of swallows, in particular. Last year, early in the season, a couple took it into their heads to build their nest in a somewhat novel situation. Attached to the residence of a venerable octogenarian lady, now living at Northenden, but detached from the main building, is a small, useful room, devoted to washing, mangling, and other like purposes. The ceiling is about eight feet from the ground, and above is a sort of lumber-room, reached by a broad ladder. A beam, into which sundry wooden pegs have been driven, runs across this ceiling, and from one of these hangs by one end an old, used-up, oblong basket, which once rejoiced in a lid and a handle. In the lower angle of this basket, which is about a foot long and six inches broad, our eccentric couple chose to build. Their instincts, apparently, would not allow them to dispense with their usual brick-setting altogether, though the substantial part of their habitation seemed ready made to hand, and there wanted only the regulation amount of hay, hair, and feathers. But, to render all secure, as they thought, they must needs import a certain quantity of clay. In due time four eggs were laid—beautiful, we need not say, for scarcely any bird surpasses the swallow in this respect. In due time, also, four healthy swallowlets appeared; and occasionally both eggs and young ones were taken down bodily, and carried away in their basket, for the aged lady to see, or to satisfy the curiosity of some youthful visitor. No great alarm seemed to be created by this liberty, and no mischief came of it.

Two or three weeks after this brood had taken wing, the nest was feathered afresh; four more eggs were laid; four more young brought safely into the world, and then the family duties for the year were over. We were curious to see whether this year also they would come to the old spot again, and we were not disappointed. The same process was repeated exactly as before, and about seven weeks ago the first brood took their flight. But, for some reason best known to themselves, they chose, when a second family was to be reared, to build, not in, but outside the basket close to the ceiling, and just over where it was suspended from the peg. The customary number of eggs was again laid, and then, strange enough, quite forsaken. This did not arise, as might be supposed, from any removal of the basket, any disturbance of which was under the circumstances carefully avoided, as endangering the whole concern. Another site was immediately chosen, and this was a small ledge in the wall at the further end of the room, which, however, required the normal amount of plaster used by the tribe, under ordinary circumstances, in order to make it safe. Here things went on smoothly until about a week after the young had appeared, and then, alas! when the parent bird had alighted on one occasion on the edge of the nest to deliver its fresh stock of food, down came the nest and young together to the ground. The cook, we should say, has taken a warm interest in all the family affairs of these pretty creatures, and they seem to have got quite familiar with her, and would as lieu have her in the room as not, no noise that she makes ever disturbing them. Well, happily she was present when this catastrophe befell. What was to be done? The heart-broken mother rushed shrieking away, convinced that all her children were killed, and that her happiness was gone for ever. The friendly Hannah, however, gathered up the four naked little things uninjured, put them into the old nest in the old basket, and hung it up on its old peg in its own old place. Ere very long the "old hen," as her human friend calls her, took courage, and ventured to return once more, that she might learn the worst. She took up her position on one of the steps of the ladder, in a state, we need not say, of deepest distraction. She saw that the nest was broken to pieces, and the young were all gone. But as she sat there disconsolate, the basket was gently taken down, and held towards her, and there she saw her beloved offspring again all safe and sound and comfortable; and no sooner were they replaced, than she mounted up to them, twittered her devout thanks, then flew away, doubtless to tell her husband all the sad story, with all its happy conclusion, and ere long returned with lots of food. And so she goes on at the time we are writing, doing a good mother's duty; and if you enter to have a look at them, you see four little golden-edged beaks lying in a semicircle round their new home, which probably, ere another issue of the *Sphinx* has appeared, they will have abandoned to get their

own living, like well-educated young people, in that sphere of life which Providence has called them.

The same room is generally the resting-place for all the members of the family at night, and when the door is closed, ingress and egress are obtained through a small hole at the foot, which has plainly been made by rats for their own convenience. Through this they dart almost as swiftly as if they were skimming along far up in the sky. Will they come and nidificate again as before? We hope they will.

THE SCHILLER-ANSTALT.

THE Schiller-Anstalt, or German Club, has recently removed from its lodgings in Cooper-street, and has commenced housekeeping on a very handsome scale in a building—formerly the residence of Dr. Braid—in the Oxford-road. It is interesting to watch any expression of national life, other than our own. The Germans possess a deeper insight than we do into the science of social life, and of this insight the Schiller-Anstalt is a very successful result. It was founded in 1859, nominally in commemoration of Schiller's centenary. It was in a manner endowed by a fund raised at the time. Its social politics are radical. The only ceremony which has to be gone through, in order to become a member, is the prepayment of the subscription. The government is entrusted to twelve directors, elected annually, by ballot. There is a steward who undertakes the commissariat. And yet a man might dwell in the Anstalt and never know that he was living in the bosom of a Republic. It is painful to make the comparison, but suppose a similar club were to be established by Englishmen—the annual subscriptions thirty shillings, and open to everybody—the resources of the club, billiards, chess, gymnastics, reading and refreshments,—and we ask would the same good results attend it? Would the same order and consideration prevail! We are afraid not. There is no "enthusiasm of humanity" in the bosom of the English clerk. There is no love of equality. He always remembers that there is a class below him, instead of remembering that there is a class above him. The first inevitable division in the English club would be the separation of the supercilious half from the rowdy half. The Steward would be overlooked, and the office of Librarian would be a sinecure. The fellow members would be more strange to each other than to strangers. The irony about the story of the Englishman who refused to jump in the water to save a drowning man, on the ground that he had not been introduced, is the irony of believing it to be ironical.

It must not, however, be supposed that the present prosperity of the Schiller-Anstalt has been attained without experiencing the proverbial throes of a giant while they are yet in the cradle. The secret of its success is hidden in a valiant history. The energy which made it what it is, was the energy arising from strife. We must explain that the intention of the founders was to impart a literary and artistic character to the institution. It was to reflect the name of Schiller in more respects than in the mere name. But, alas! for the interests of literature and art, the toiling German clerks and merchants soon found out that the cultivation of these luxuries alone was not sufficiently relaxing after a hard day's work. They required a social club, and not a literary institution. And thus, out of these conflicting wants, sprung two great parties, which we shall designate as the advocates of culture, and the advocates of conviviality. The one party was supposed to be animated by a panting thirst for knowledge, the other party experienced the more intelligible thirst for beer. They had their leaders, and they had their party cries. Everybody knows what a hollow sham a party cry is. Everybody knows that it is always a one-sided, misrepresented cry, intended to appeal to the passions rather than the judgment of a party. Therefore it is unnecessary to say that the cry of the convivial party did not represent all they were fighting for. Its motto, "Beer," was only a motto. At this period refreshments of the feeblest description only were supplied in the club,—beef-tea for the pale, young poets, and soda-water for the baccanalians. Fancy Pan and Bacchus sitting over a bottle of soda-water at a Young Men's Literary Institute! Ostensibly then, but ostensibly only, the demand for beer was the question upon which the disaffected portion took their position. It was well understood that if this question were once carried, a new régime would set in. Inside each barrel of beer, how much conviviality would there not be covertly smuggled into the club. The advocates of culture might think that after all it was only a natural wish to have another variety of drinks. May heaven protect their innocence! for in each quart of beer was there not fellowship and generosity, and courage and wit! Of course we did not share the glory of this great struggle. We have only heard the distant din of the battle. It is sufficient to say that the convivial party triumphed, and at this moment the Schiller-Anstalt is permanently established.

After all, it is evident that if there was any desire for intellectual amusements in the bosoms of the members, the absence of beer would not stimulate it, and the introduction of beer would not destroy it. The aggregate amount of literary aspiration would remain the same. Instead of the one annihilating the other, the result shows that beer and culture have taken quite kindly to each other. At the occasional social gatherings of the club, in the intervals of the buzz of conversation, one may hear capital speeches, music, and recitations. And, although, these meetings may seem like the triumphs of the convivial party, in reality they are the secret triumphs of the wily advocates of culture. For, just as self-denial can only be measured by what is resisted, so the love of intellectual amusement may be measured by the amount of conviviality which does not interfere with it. If the members were to meet and drink *eau sucrée*, and smoke cigarettes, there would be no merit in their seeking distraction in a concerto of Weber or a recitation from Goethe. It is when the bottle has travelled many miles round the table and every member is enveloped in a cloud, that there is some merit in the perfect silence which can always be commanded by any performance.*

We may succeed in giving some idea of the practical working of the club by walking through the rooms at about ten o'clock at night. The Reading Room is the largest and occupies almost the entire first-floor. It is provided with nearly twenty different German newspapers published in all parts of Germany. The principal French and English newspapers and a discriminating selection of weeklies and monthlies may also be read. Amongst these we may single out the *Revue des deux Mondes*, the *Saturday Review*, and *Die Grenzboten*. The German newspapers are, however, the most sought for. It is pleasant to see the conscientious Teuton rummaging amongst the pile of newspapers until he finds his native *Times*. He retires with it into a corner and blows a cloud. And thus, in his primeval atmosphere and his home politics, may he not for a few moments forget his expatriation? Germany never loses her hold of her sons, no matter for how long they may be separated from her. It is not fierce patriotism that they feel, but a homely affection. What Heine said of liberty, might with equal aptitude be said of love of country. "The Englishman loves his country like his lawful wife; the Frenchman loves his country like his mistress; the German loves his country like his old Grandmother. The Englishman may become weary of his wife, the flattering Frenchman may be untrue to his mistress, but the German will always find a place for his old grandmother by his fireside, where she can tell his listening children her legends."

The Chess and Domino Room is as gay as a French cafe. Careworn young men with their fingers dug into the roots of their hair are studying the position of the chessmen as if it were another battle of Sadowa. There is the rattling sound of the domino as they are being shuffled for the next hand, while one of the party scores the game. Dominos is a science which is little understood in England. It is a game which demands close calculation and long practice. It contains just enough of chance to require all the more skill to combat it. The game of draughts is also played here with a degree of strategy which must be very flattering to the humble draughtsmen. Those who are not playing are probably watching the most vindictive of the games of chess, or else they are contented with devoting their talents to drinking Hock or smoking in its highest forms. We allude to that beautiful art of producing little hoops of smoke which gradually fade away like a dissolving view. In the Conversation Room we presume that the Club jokes are usually produced, to judge from the explosions of laughter one hears there. Unfortunately our knowledge of German only extends to the appreciation of serious conversation. Owing, probably, to some peculiar electro system of our tutor, he seems to have taught us to understand everything in German excepting the jokes. Finally we come to the Dining Room which is presided over by a steward who dispenses a noble hospitality at a moderate tariff. An Englishman's idea of German cookery is that "everything that is'nt sweet is greasy." It is not our intention here to arbitrate between the rival arts of two great nations. Let it suffice to say that on the evening of our visit we partook of a *filet piqué* with *Kartoffel* salad, and that we went away with the conviction that a great future is in store for the Schiller-Anstalt.

*A similar conflict to the one here described has been waged for some years at the Manchester Athenæum, the only institution in the city which in any way resembles the Schiller-Anstalt. Hitherto the advocates of "beer" have remained in a hopeless minority.

THE SHODDY EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER.

THE cotton trade has its shoddy branch as well as the woollen trade. The woollen shoddy trade is occupied in reducing woollen rags to their primitive state of wool, which it remanufactures into shoddy cloth. The cotton shoddy trade is occupied in manufacturing cotton waste into shoddy sheets, twill calicoes, quilts, counterpanes, towels, and a variety of cotton productions, all of which are for the most part made to sell and not to wear. Cotton shoddy moves in a circle of its own. It has favourite localities for its mills. Thus at Stockport and New Mills lamp and candlewick spinners congregate; Bolton is the home of the quilt weavers; Ramsbottom, and northwards to Bacup, waste yarn is devilled into cotton again, and worked up into sheets and twills. Shoddy has its own machinery and process for spinning, which is an abbreviation of the ordinary cotton process. It has its own middle men, its own practices, and its own Exchange.

Like the rest of the cotton trade, shoddy has gone up and down in recent years. During the cotton famine it became a highly palpable trade. High prices forced demand upon the cheapest productions. When Surat cotton took the place of American, shoddy, yarns and fabrics, as far as they would go, took the place of those made from raw cotton. The shoddy trade suddenly expanded. Those who were in it found themselves suddenly growing rich. Many new mills sprang up, and many old mills were filled with machinery for shoddy. Waste, that was before considered worthless, or fit only for the paper maker, became valuable for spinning purposes. As cotton fell, shoddy lost ground where it had taken the place of raw cotton. It has kept on losing ground, though far from returning to its dimensions previous to the famine. Within the last two years shoddy has had numerous representatives in the list of bankrupts.

The reasons why shoddy separated itself from the rest of the cotton trade in its Exchange operations, arise to some extent out of the nature of the trade, but chiefly out of the character of those who are in it. The Manchester Shoddy Exchange is to be found towards the Shudehill end of High Street, within and upon the pavement in front of the Corn Stack public house. On Tuesdays, from noon till two o'clock, it is High 'Change. There is something significant of the character of the men engaged in the shoddy trade in the place of its Exchange. A few years ago an attempt was made to rescue the trade from this place. A few aspiring members took rooms in Market Street, and attempted to found there a new Cotton Waste Exchange. The experiment failed. Shoddy gravitated back to the Corn Stack. There is a custom almost universal in the trade, a custom by no means monopolised by it, of settling accounts and negotiating sales, over a glass of something more or less strong, at the expense of the seller or the payee. Rooms in Market Street are not favourable to this custom; the Corn Stack is. Besides, a tolerable dinner, as town dinners go, is to be had at the Corn Stack at a low price,—and shoddy is not particular about appearances. It is lamentable that an important branch of the cotton trade should hold its Exchange within and about a public house.

PASSAGES FROM THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

THE *Earthly Paradise* is the title of the new poem by Mr. William Morris, author of the *Life and Death of Jason*. Mr. Morris, it has been well said, has revived the delightful art of dreaming the old dreary stories in verse. There is no toil, no effort, no purpose in his lines. He sees the world again as the old childlike poets saw it before the idea of 'law' had been brought forth with much travail into the world, or even the principles of art consciously developed; and the beauty which his poem has, is, therefore, the old fresh beauty, sketched without laborious analysis, due to a visionary eye and a lovely universe, not the beauty of metaphysic subtlety or artistic skill. There is nothing more delightful than to escape the problem-haunted poetry of the day into the rippling narrative of Mr. Morris's fresh and vivid fancy. In the opening verses Mr. Morris truly describes his poetic function—

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for ought that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die—
—Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be;
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

From the book itself, and from the portion in which the story of Persuns and Andromeda is told, we take this lovely and perfect picture of

HAPPY LOVE.

Then on a rock smoothed by the washing sea
They sat and eyed each other lovingly.
And few words at the first the maiden said,
So wrapt she was in all the goodlihead
Of her new life made doubly happy now:
For her alone the sea breeze seemed to blow,
For her in music did the white surf fall,
For her alone the wheeling birds did call
Over the shallows, and the sky for her
Was set with white clouds, far away and clear;
E'en as her love, this strong and lovely one
Who held her hand, was but for her alone.

AN AMERICAN IN SCOTLAND.

An American who has recently travelled in Scotland gives the following, as his impressions of the Scotch, and of their observance of Sundays:—

SCOTTISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

The manners and customs of Edinburgh are not so peculiar and national as one might expect. You see more Scottish costumes in London. The people are not very pretty. Beautiful faces are less frequent than in Lancashire or in Southern England. Most of the old men and many of the old women have a curious resemblance to the portraits of Thomas Carlyle. In the lower clases the girls and women run to legs, rather, and there is a great scarcity of shoes and stockings. Not only young girls, but middle-aged and old women walk about the streets in bare feet and dresses shorter than the present fashion. Some of the little girls, naked from the knees down, are well formed and pretty. I find more beauty in Glasgow than in Edinburgh, which I attribute to a large admixture of Irish. But the element of bare-leggedness, if I may be permitted the expression, is Irish as well as Scotch—the original Fenians wore no trousers—and the streets of Glasgow, as well as those of Edinburgh, are trodden by a barefooted multitude, as well as the glens of the Highlands. At the railway station at Glasgow, walking gracefully along the platform, I saw a well-grown girl of fifteen, with a long ostrich plume in her fashionable hat, and her feet and legs as naked as she was born. She did not seem in the least conscious of any deficiency in her costume. A fellow voyager said he saw a woman bathing in a Highland lake one morning, *in puris naturalibus*, but sweetly enveloped in the same beautiful unconsciousness. There is nothing like travel in foreign parts to remove prejudice and enlarge the mind. In my walks round Edinburgh I found that the drinking customs of the people differ from those of English, Irish, and Americans. They are national and characteristic. The Scotchman is at once social and exclusive, deliberate and prudent. In his convival hours he likes to be alone—with two or three friends, and secure from observation. The public-houses are fitted up with dozens of little rooms, large enough for four or six persons. These are not mere boxes, like those in an English coffee-room, but rooms or cabinets, with doors, which secure the inmates from intrusion. There they take their toddies, and a good many of them; but their strong Scotch heads carry them safely. French, Irish, Scotch are all of the same race, but how strangely different. The Scotch are to be respected, the French admired, the Irish loved; with all their faults, yes, loved—at least the feminine moiety. And for the whole race, while I am not blind to its defects or excess of character, I confess to a warm affection.

THE SABBATH.

Sunday in Edinburgh is a very quiet day. The omnibuses are all taken off the streets, and scarcely any but the mail trains run on the railways. The Scotch keep one of the ten commandments, changing only the day, if they break all the rest. The services in the kirk are at 10-30 and 2 o'clock, with none in the evening. They dine after the second service. This is the old fashion, when people came a long way, and listened to two long sermons, with a short interval for lunch between. There are several Anglican churches in Edinburgh—handsome edifices, as the architectural fashion of the grand city requires. An English clergyman who sat opposite me at the Sunday dinner had attended the service at one of these on Princess-street, which had greatly pleased him. "How do you find the service here?" I ventured to ask. "Well, I should say, rather high." "As high as the incense?" "Oh, no!" "Lighted candles on the altar?" "No! none of that nonsense!" The tone and expression made it "d—d nonsense," but somehow the hard word itself was caught in the snowy folds of his white choker. "And what," I asked, "is the distinction here between church and chapel?" "Oh, the English churches are chapels here," said my parson. "That's good," said I; "turn about is fair play; but I should think Englishmen coming north would be like the one they tell of in Rome—you have heard this anecdote?" "No." "An Englishman at Rome was with a party of strangers, who were going on about the wonders of St. Peter's. 'What a magnificent church,' said one. '*Chapel*, sir!' said the Anglican." I would describe the look of surprise and consternation that came over the handsome face of my parson, if I could. But he did not lose his civility. "No," said he, "I never heard that anecdote," in a sort of chilly tone, which said, "and I hope I shall never hear another such." It was very droll, but I owed it to him for speaking in the unclerical way he did about incense, which is very pleasant when of good quality, and is certainly scriptural, and was constantly used in the Temple, whose services were attended by Christ and his Apostles. At "the chapel" I attended there was a good organ and incense, an excellent choir, delightful singing, and one of the sweetest contralto voices I ever heard, with a range and fullness of high and low tones quite marvellous. The congregation was large and devout, and the front seats, both in the body of the house and the gallery, were occupied by officers and soldiers of the garrison; cavalry and infantry, mostly hard-headed Highlanders. Such, also, I think, was the preacher, whose stentorian voice reminded me of a German priest I once knew in Ohio, whose bishop told him he need not bother himself about raising money to buy a bell for his church, for he had only to step out and speak to the people, when he wanted them, and they would be sure to hear him. But it was a good, strong, practical sermon for tough ears and consciences. When the service was ended, I found the whole street full of soldiers, who had been to other places of worship, and were waiting to be joined by their comrades; these came out, fell into the ranks, and all marched off, tramp, tramp, without music, which would break a Scottish Sabbath into very small pieces.

The following new style of birth announcement is becoming fashionable in the *Times*:—"On the 19th Aug., at Leicester Square, the wife of Edmund K. Smart, of a daughter—Lilian Mabel." "On the 20th Aug., at Clapham Rise, Mrs. Thomas W. Roffey, of a daughter—Ada Maria. Both well."

WHERE ARE THE POLICE.*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.]

SIR,—The following correspondence apparently brings to a conclusion the controversy on crime in Manchester. I had hoped to have avoided printing the letter of the watch committee of the 20th instant, but the last letter of the Town Clerk leaves me no option. I trusted that a reconsideration of the subject would have induced the committee to send an intelligible communication; they have refused to do so, and the ratepayers of Manchester will now see how and why the large sums of money expended by them are wasted.—Yours obediently,

ALFRED ASPLAND.

Dukinfield, Aug. 15, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I address you as chairman of the watch committee to request you to draw the attention of that body to a mis-statement of facts which they have sanctioned and publishsd in reference to the number of robberies committed in the borough of Liverpool. I adopt this course in preference to writing to the papers, in full confidence that the gentlemen forming the watch committee will promptly correct the mistake. In consequence of an invitation from Major Greig I attended at his office yesterday, and had a long interview with Mr. Cardwell, the statistical clerk. He had read the report of the sub-committee, and he declined to accept their statement as to the number of robberies in Liverpool as correct, The sub-committee report that in one year "they have the authority and permission of Major Greig for stating that the number of robberies reported to have been committed would be about 16,000, whilst in Manchester the number of robberies reported to have been committed is shown in the table last referred to to have been 8,446." The information given to the sub-committee was that the total crime of Liverpool amounted to about 16,000 offences, that this number included indictable offences, and those punished summarily, after the exclusion of drunken and other cases not ranging as criminal. As I have before stated, I acquit the sub-committee of any intention to deceive, but their misunderstanding has misled the watch committee and induced you to put your hand, in their name, to a report distinctly incorrect. It occurs to me that it will be more agreeable to the watch committee to correct this error than to have it rectified by myself. I have no personal interests to serve, and certainly have no desire to assume a hostile attidute.—Believe me, yours faithfully, ALFRED ASPLAND.

J. M. Bennett, Esq., Chairman of the Watch Committee.

Town Clerk's Office, Manchester, Aug. 20.

DEAR SIR.—I am instructed by the Watch Committee to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th instant, addressed to their Chairman, and which was laid before the Committee, at their meeting, held this day, and, at the same time, to say that the substantial accuracy of the statements made in the report to which you refer appears to be entirely confirmed by the contents of your communication. A copy of the report was sent as soon as printed to Major Greig, and no intimation has since been received that there is any inaccuracy in the statements made, so far as the Borough of Liverpool is concerned.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

JOSEPH HERON, Town Clerk.

Alfred Aspland, Esq., Dukinfield.

Dukinfield, Aug. 21.

DEAR SIR,—After your letter of the 20th instant, attempts at argument with the Watch Committee must be considered at an end. My only regret in the matter is, that your name should be appended to such a document. Before sending it to the papers, I will wait, to give you an opportunity of sending a reply, in substitution, if you desire it. From a letter I have received from Major Greig, I learn that he declines, *under any circumstances*, to be drawn into a controversy; therefore, his silence gives no consent to any statement of the Watch Committee.—I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

ALFRED ASPLAND.

Joseph Heron, Esq., Town Clerk.

Town Clerk's Office, Manchester, Aug. 22.

DEAR SIR,—You will, I feel assured, not be surprised to hear that I have no desire to withdraw the letters already addressed to you, in compliance with instructions received from the Watch Committee. I can well understand Major Greig's determination "not, under any circumstances, to be drawn into a controversy," and the wisdom of that determination will, I think, be generally admitted. If you publish at all, you will, no doubt, publish the whole of the correspondence.—I am, my dear sir, yours truly, JOSEPH HERON, Town Clerk.

Alfred Aspland, Esq., Dukinfield.

TREES IN LARGE CITIES.—To plant trees in the open spaces of large manufacturing towns like Manchester may seem a very quixotic experiment. Still one would like to see an effort made. Years ago it was suggested that the Spanish plane would probably flourish in the ground opposite the Infirmary, yet as far as we can learn, no attempt to introduce it has been made. Mr. Robinson, in his recent work on French Gardens, tells us how they manage in Paris:—"Perhaps the noblest feature of Parisian gardening or Parisian improvements is the great abundance of healthy young trees that are introduced into the heart of the city, and planted wherever a new road or boulevard is constructed. It is indeed very surprising to see how well this is done, and to what an enormous extent, as well in the centre of Paris, on the boulevards, and along the river, as on the scores of miles of suburban boulevards, radiating avenues and roads, the sides of which one would think capable of supplying Paris with building ground for a dozen generations to come. All the planting in all the London parks is as nothing compared to the avenue and boulevard planting in and around Paris. The trees are nearly all young, but very vigorous and promising. As soon as a new road or boulevard is made in Paris, in go the trees—and every one of the millions is as carefully trained and protected as a pet tree in an English nobleman's park. The kinds most in use for avenues are the Plane, Chesnut, the large-leaved Elm, the Robinia, and the Ailanthus. Paulownia imperialis is also used here and there; and I noticed that it was in some respects the best tree of all, lasting in the most healthful greenness of leaf long after the common deciduous trees had begun to suffer. It also presents, from its low stature and spreading habit, a great advantage for some places where low trees are indispensable, and shade equally so. Thus, if they planted it in the garden of the Palais Royal, they would have a more agreeable shade than that afforded by elms, &c., while the annual clipping and consequent ugliness of these would be done away with."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 143, Deansgate, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

BACK NUMBERS of the *Sphinx* may be obtained on application to the Publisher, or by order from any Bookseller and Newsagent.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to the manager, MR. JOSEPH JOHNSON, 143, Deansgate, or 57, Corporation Street, Manchester.

* See the article, "The Police are—Nowhere," in the *Sphinx*, for July 25th.

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, ETC.

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SPANISH WINE CELLARS,

(Under the New Stock Exchange,)

NEWMARKET STREET, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER.

LARGE DOCK SAMPLE GLASSES

of thirty different SHERRIES (shipped direct from the first houses) may be tasted from the original package, at WHOLESALE PRICES, *i.e.*, same as by the bottle, dozen, and quarter cask.

ROEDERERS, CLICQUOTS, MOETS, PERRIER JOUETS, GIESLERS, AND EVERY NOTED CHAMPAGNE, CHARGED PER SAMPLE BOTTLE AS PER DOZEN.

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THE TREVELYAN TEMPERANCE HOTEL, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER,

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Dinners from 12 to 3.
Leading Features—Good Articles, Good Cooking, and Cleanliness.

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LUNCHEON, DINNERS, AND SUPPERS.
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Dining off the Joint, Pudding and Vegetables included, for 6d. each—Try it.

AS A CHANGE

from CLARET we would draw attention to our

DINNER BEAUJOLAIS AT 16S. PER DOZEN.

Like most of the Wines of BURGUNDY, it possesses more body and smoothness than CLARET; and without desiring to depreciate one wine in favour of another, we believe there are those who may use this wine with advantage, and all may have the pleasure of a wholesome and agreeable change.

JAMES SMITH AND COMPANY,
WINE MERCHANTS,
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SLATE CISTERNS, with or without Filters, as exhibited at the Great Exhibition, Hyde Park, 1851, Class 5, and also at the Great International Exhibition, 1862, Class 10. Estimates on application.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

USE PRITCHARD'S TEETHING AND FEVER POWDERS. They are excellent for children from three months to twelve years, for fits, convulsions, restlessness, and irritation in cutting their teeth. Sold by all Chemists. Free 15 stamps.

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Particulars and testimonials forwarded on application.

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JOSEPH BOOTH, Owner and Proprietor.

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Combined movement by the forearm and fingers. Dashing Style. Private Rooms.
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GROVER AND BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES, Highest Honours, Elastic Stitch.

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RUPTURES—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS. Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid appliances.
26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

CONSTANTINE'S TURKISH BATHS, for Rheumatism and Colds.

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ALEXANDRA. THE MANCHESTER MUSIC HALL, PETER STREET. A 1 ENTERTAINMENT. EVERY EVENING, 7-30. Admission, 6d. and 1s.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF MANCHESTER.

Gentlemen,—I again respectfully present myself to you as a candidate for the representation of my native city in Parliament.

That in so short a time as three weeks nearly 11,000 electors should have signed a requisition pledging themselves to do all in their power to secure my return is a circumstance unprecedented in the history of our elections, and affords a striking proof of the reality of political convictions in Manchester.

Without attaching a personal significance to this manifestation of your opinion, an explanation is easy. The contest of last winter has impressed you with the belief that in me you have a sound and honest Liberal, not afraid to express his own political views, whilst he respects the rights and feelings of others; and you probably also think that my commercial connection with the prosperity of this city affords a guarantee for my attention to your local wants and interests.

If I mistake not, the country is determined that the State Church in Ireland—the last badge of conquest and ascendency—shall cease to exist in that country as an Establishment, and assume the position she has so long occupied in Scotland, and now occupied in the colonies. If we had forced our religious convictions upon the inhabitants of India, or if the inhabitants of Scotland had not freed themselves from the Episcopal Church, so alien to their religious instincts, both India and Scotland would at this moment have been as discontented with English rule as Ireland herself.

I am an attached member of the Church of England, and in favour of the union of Church and State in this country—where that union is real, and based upon the willing assent of the nation; but, in my humble opinion, to talk of the English and Irish Church standing and falling together is to echo a false cry, highly dangerous to both.

Mr. Gladstone proposes to secure to Ireland the fabric of her cathedrals and churches, her glebe houses, and all private endowments, as well as carefully to respect all existing rights, and to deal only with the future. In the interests of peaceful government, I earnestly hope that these terms will be accepted, and that we shall hear no more of levelling up, nor of universal religious endowment.

Education, both in its higher departments in our universities and in its primary forms in our elementary schools, must become truly national and efficient, with equal rights and privileges for all; but I am not prepared to sanction a system of compulsory education, enforced by the policeman or inspector, until it has been shown that the institution of local boards and local machinery have failed in their objects. Place education within reach of the masses, which has never yet been done, and the boon will be accepted for its own sake.

A real and business-like economy has to be enforced upon the Government, not only by a direct reduction of taxation, but also by a thorough departmental reform, especially in our huge naval and military establishments, so that every pound of expenditure shall represent twenty shillings of efficiency.

The vexatious, and in its practical effect, the cruel restrictions on the exercise of the franchise embodied in the ratepaying clauses of the Reform Bill, must be expunged from the statute book. A vote once granted should be free, and not attended by penalties based on a sham principle. The idea of a personal payment of rates was dropped as untenable, and its operation survives only in a shape which, together with the abolition of rate compounding, is productive of the greatest inconvenience and heartburning amongst the labouring classes.

I am not opposed to working men's associations. Capital expressed by labour and capital in money have co-equal rights, and their interests are mutual. Preferential protection of either would be unjust. But I have never been able to understand why the funds of trade unions established and employed for legal purposes should be placed beyond the pale of the law, and be subjected to the depredations of dishonest officials. No question of our time more imperatively demands that both sides should be heard than that connected with the labour market and the capital which is to employ that labour; and if I have the honour to become one of the representatives of this great industrial community, my earnest endeavours will be given towards the solution of these problems.

I have never liked the principle of secret voting, especially when the restricted franchise heretofore in operation made every voter as it were the trustee and representative of many of his neighbours. Now that a vote is placed within the reach of the great body of the people, this objection has become correspondingly weakened, and the mechanical conveniencies of the ballot, which are indisputable, may with propriety be considered in future legislation. The true remedy for intimidation, however, is to be found in the comparative equalisation of constituencies, and it seems to me a great reflection on our legislation, and on public opinion itself if we cannot protect a man in the exercise of his vote whilst he records it in the light of day.

Sanitary reform, and the prevention of avoidable sources of mortality—fortunately for the happiness of mankind—greatly occupy public attention, and have naturally engaged much of my time in the earlier part of my life, and I hope the knowledge thus gained may be useful.

Such, gentlemen, are my political principles, which, being honestly entertained, will be honestly advocated. It is impossible, and if possible, it would be undesirable, that all minor differences should be merged in a stagnant uniformity of opinion. Out of discussion and conflict come truth and advancement, and I am sure the electors of Manchester will pardon the length at which I have endeavoured to lay before them the grounds of my political faith, desiring as I do, above all things, that there shall be no concealment as to my views.—I am, gentlemen, your faithful and obedient servant,

Portland-street, Aug. 11, 1868. MITCHELL HENRY.

ELECTORS! MIND WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT!!

The late House of Commons contained the following

WAR MEMBERS:

Lieutenant-Colonels, Majors, and Captains ..	176
Colonels, Lieutenants, Cornets, and others ..	46
Admirals, Generals, and Major-Generals	9
Supporters of War by distinct avowal	51
Other War Officials	7
Total Direct War supporters....	289

There were also,

Of Independent Gentlemen	146
,, Merchants, Manufacturers, &c.	120
,, Barristers, and other Legal Members	101

Of the 146 Independent Gentlemen, fully one-half were in favour of a large War Expenditure, in addition to many others not connected with the "services." The War voting power of that House was not less than 400 members, or more than

HALF OF THE ENTIRE HOUSE OF COMMONS!

Is it wonderful, therefore, that our War Taxation (including Interest of the War Debt) exceeds

SIX THOUSAND POUNDS AN HOUR,

by Night and Day, throughout the whole year?

ELECTORS! Be firm and do your duty, honestly and fearlessly. Your present tremendous Expenditure will ruin

OLD ENGLAND.

Demand Retrenchment of every Candidate at the New Election; but above all, do not vote for a

WARRIOR.

He will spend your Money, and increase your Taxes.

Peace Conference and Arbitration Society,
17, St. Ann's Square, Manchester.
WILLIAM STOKES, SECRETARY.

JOHN CAVANAH,
HATTER, BOOTMAKER, & OUTFITTER,
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17SE68

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CAPES & DUNN respectfully announce that they have received instructions from the above-named firm, who have held possession of their present premises since 1745, to introduce to the Public of Manchester, by AUCTION, on Two consecutive Tuesdays in September, viz., the 8th and 15th, at 3 o'clock, precisely each day, by Sample, at their Rooms, Clarence-street, Manchester, a portion of their Valuable Stock of WINES (chiefly Sherries, of which they hold duplicate stock in bond); also, Fine Old Madeiras, Clarets: a few Pipes of Port Wines of the vintage of 1847 and 1851, the whole of which have been specially selected for their private connection.

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